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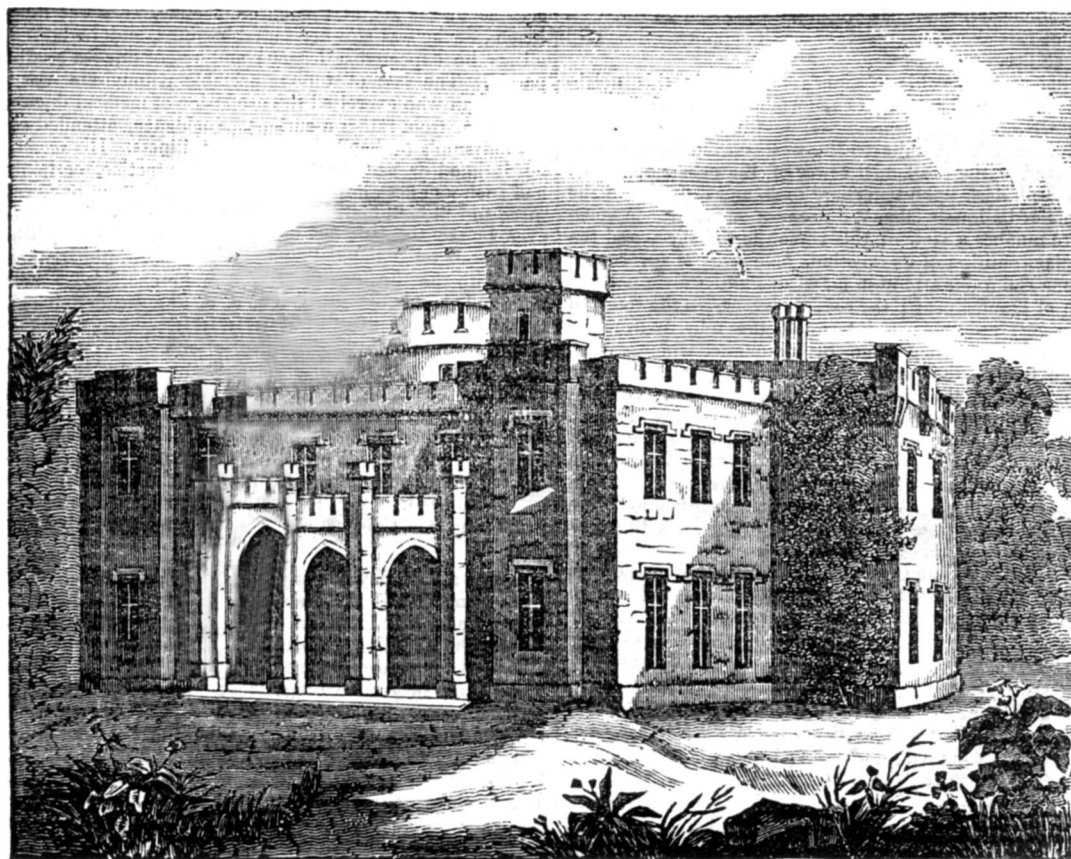
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mansion has been recently erected in the pointed gothic style, for the Hon. W. S. Bernard, brother to Lord Bandon. The design was given by Mr. Buckley of Cork, and the works were contracted for and executed in the first style of excellence by Mr. J. Calnan, master-builder, of Enniskeane, whose skill in his profession is attested by the numerous tasteful edifices which have arisen in this neighbourhood under his superintendence. Proceeding still further to the west, the domains of Kilcolman and Desert, to the south of the river, become conspicuous. The former is the seat of Adderly Beamish, Esq., the latter of the Rev. Mr. Longfield.

On the opposite side of the river, a mile farther on, is the fine old seat of Palace Anne, the residence of Captain Beamish Bernard. The house is an ancient brick-built mansion, erected in the 17th century by the ancestor of the present proprietor. The principal front is one hundred and forty feet long, consisting of a centre and wings: the centre rises into three ornamented gables in the old French style. Before the house there is a large pleasure garden, in which the clipped yews and hollies, and the old parterres have been scrupulously preserved in the taste of past ages. To the rear ascends a broad, high hill, clothed with fine old oak and walnut trees. Nearer to the river is the glebe of Morrigh, which the present incumbent, the Rev. Mr. St. Lawrence, has thickly planted with

forest trees. From Palace Anne the road runs westward through the villages of Enniskeane and Ballineen. The little white-washed chapel in the wood which overhangs the former, and the exquisitely neat and verdant glebe of Ballymoney, the residence of the Rev. Mr. Meade, near Ballineen, are objects, which by their simple and unassuming beauty, produce an exceedingly pleasing effect.—The river is crossed at Ballineen by an ancient stone bridge of ten arches. Half a mile to the west of this village, Fort Robert, the seat of Mr. Feargus O'Connor, M. P., for the county of Cork, stands proudly on the summit of a lofty hill. If the tourist has sufficient time to spare, we would strongly recommend him to ascend the long and winding avenue, and to take his station on the gravelled platform before the house: and his pains will be rewarded with the bird's eye view of the valley he has passed, displaying in the rich perspective all its groves, its whitened villages, its seats, its spires, its river, and the noble woods of Castle Bernard in the distance. Mr. O'Connor, so far from regarding the visits of the tourist to his fine domain as an intrusion, feels, we understand, particular gratification when the traveller indulges his passion for the picturesque by surveying the valley of the Bandon river from this elevated spot. Indeed, we have heard that in this respect, Mr. O'Connor's courteous urbanity cannot be too highly appreciated.



KILCASKAN MANSION.

Proceeding again to the west, the mansion of Kilcaskan appears upon a rising ground on the southern side of the river. The domain of Kilcaskan, the residence of Mr. O'Neil Daunt, is extensively planted, but a considerable part of the timber is as yet too young to be very ornamental. Behind the house, at the distance of nearly a mile from the river, is a chain of hills, which seems to have been intended by nature as the boundary of the domain. They are not planted, which we regretted, as from their position, with regard to the domain, plantation would have there been particularly ornamental. We learned that they once were clothed with a noble wood of oak which

swept down to the banks of the river, but which was cut down by the ancestor of Mr. O'Neil Daunt about eighty years since, and never either copped or replanted.

Kilcaskan is built in the castellated style of the era of Elizabeth; and its irregular lines of roof and tall shafted chimneys surmounting the trees of the domain, look extremely picturesque from the road on the southern side of the river. We visited Kilcaskan on a fine summer's evening, and enjoyed the prospect which the house commands to the west. The sun was setting behind the blue peaks of the Mielane and Nowen mountains. We lingered until twilight had commenced, and gazed upon the darkening

scene; the hue of the mountains had deepened into purple, and their dark, peaked outline was strongly relieved by a glowing saffron-coloured sky. The small wooded glen beyond was wrapped in shadow; the stream hoarsely murmured through its bottom, eddying round the rocks that obstructed its course. Immediately opposite Kilcascan, is Manche-house, the seat of Mr. Daniel Connor. The domain possesses a long extent of rocky hill, which runs parallel with the road, and is covered at present with luxuriant oak copse. We have seen but few domains in the south of Ireland that possess the peculiar capacities for beauty that Manche can boast. An immense extent of fertile, level ground, strikingly contrasts itself with the steep abrupt hill to which we have alluded. Had a mansion, adapted to the extent of the place, been erected on the summit of this hill, the effect would have been magnificent. A striking air of comfort and neatness characterises Manche. The house, a handsome and commodious modern structure, stands upon a slight elevation near the road. Immediately to the west and north, the hill ascends almost perpendicularly to the height of one hundred feet, clothed with thriving young oaks, larch, and Scotch firs. To the east there is an extensive lawn, terminated by a wooded knoll called Carrigmore.

The ancestors of Mr. Connor resided in the old mansion-house of Connorville, which is now in the occupation of a steward. We cannot avoid mentioning that the houses of Manche and Kilcascan were both erected by Mr. Calnan of Enniskean, and reflect infinite credit on his skill and ability.

The tenants on Mr. Connor's property in this neighbourhood seem happy and comfortable. They have built comfortable slated farm-houses, and the ground appears well managed. A mile to the west, on the south side of the river, is the old feudal tower of Billinacarrig, seated high and dark upon its craggy rock, and reflected in the waters of its lonely lake. We promise our readers in some future number a view of this romantic fortalice, and the singular tradition of its erection. No seats of any consequence claim our attention between Ballinacarrig and the town of Dunmanway; the road, however, (to the south of the river) preserves its interest to the tourist, from the wild and magnificent chain of mountains which stretch before him to the west. Dunmanway wears, like most Irish towns, a still and listless appearance. It contains a market-house and a spacious church, erected by Mr. J. H. Cox; and the enterprising parish priest, the Rev. Mr. Doheny, is erecting a large and handsome chapel, with a cut limestone front. The linen trade here, as in Bandon, has quite declined. We derived some gratification from observing that a taste for planting now pervades the resident gentry of this neighbourhood. The nurseries of Messrs. Norwood and O'Sullivan are amply supplied with strong young forest trees of all descriptions, and are in constant requisition all the planting season.

J. F. W.

LADY BRINDON—AN OCCURRENCE OF THE LAST CENTURY IN DUBLIN.

In the good old days, or as an Irishman would say, the real *noctes ambrosiana*, when shops were not called saloons, nor markets bazaars, when hair-dressers did not advertise as artists, "*pour couper les cheveux*," and charity sermons were not jobbing speculations—which period, for exactness sake, we will lay down about seventy years ago—lived the Dowager Lady Brindon, the disconsolate widow of three worthy and short-lived consorts. Whether this occurred by fate, or the singular good fortune of the lady is not for me to hint at; certain it is that she obtained and got rid of them all at a quicker pace than the young ladies of the present time, albeit pupils of Logier and Montagu, can reasonably calculate on being able to waltz away their helpmates' properties, or music themselves into a suit of sables. Lady Brindon, at the time of our story, had been twenty years, or so, a widow, and never could be prevailed on, or, as she said herself, to listen to a suitor's vows after the last irreparable affliction. She inhabited a large gloomy looking mansion, which by an accient map of our metropolis, I find to have stood in the

centre of a field not far from M—— church, as the building mania had not encroached so far then into the country, as in our house-making, house-breaking generation. The house was surrounded by a high dead wall; and the mouldy wooden gate was never unbarred, except to two chosen and favourite visitors; she was immensely rich, kept up a numerous suite of servants, (there never was a relative seen at her table), went twice a year to the Castle, once a quarter disturbed the dust in her crimson cushioned pew in Christ church, and amused herself the remainder of the day with her old China, and the novels of Fielding. Her "*une grande passion*" was cards; every variety of game (I am wrong, she did not play *ecarte*), that the invention of Hoyle could devise, were as familiar to her as quacking to Dr. L——, or punning to Sam Rogers; they were her manuscripts, her library. She played high, bragged with spirit, and always wagered considerably on the "odd trick." I am told that when she lost, her anger, her *fury* was dreadful; she would curse the winners, and, dashing the gold on the table, pour an entire flask of wine into a large heraldic-mounted silver goblet, and drain it at a draught. One of her companions was a great tragedian, who is condemned to immortality in the writings of him "who blazed the comet of a season"—a man of great talent, who brought her all the newest and most sinful tales of scandal—revived her spirits, when she was low, by quoting Voltaire and Marmontel, and calmed her conscience by the aid of French philosophy. He was invaluable, for he was also her ladyship's butt, and he bore it all as he expected a legacy; and he got one—a stuffed parrot. The last of the respectable triumvirate was a gentleman who exercised the profession of medical doctor, and who, from rather a curious coincidence, attended *all* her ladyship's husbands in their last illness. His *success* be it good or bad, in this part of his practice, certainly had such an effect in his neighbourhood, that no one ventured to call him in afterwards. He sustained no loss, however, by the desertion, for, after the death of Lord Brindon, he set up his carriage, and became more intimate than ever with the dowager, over whom he exercised a most unbounded and mysterious influence. She dreaded, hated, and was chained to him. In her wildest temper, a look or a frown would paralyze her into motionlessness; while before strangers he would be all cringing and sycophantic servility. The doctor's house adjoined her ladyship's, with whom he spent more hours than he allotted to his family, to whom his behaviour was cruel and tyrannical. Many rumours prejudicial to the character of all were circulated respecting their meetings and intimacies, and were not disbelieved. Lady Brindon was considered to be the worst and most disgusting of human beings—a bad old woman.

It was a Saturday evening in January; the usual party were assembled in the drawing-room at an early hour, as it was Lady Brindon's intention to go to the Castle that night. She had dined before the customary time, to enjoy a hand at loo before she retired to dress. The housekeeper was sitting in her own apartment, (a snug little Brussels carpeted room, whose wainscotted walls were hung with tapestry and Hogarth's prints,) reading the works of Thomas Aquinas (translated,) and enjoying a pinch of Mr. Lundy Foot's snuff, which had not yet come into fashion. The College bell was tolling for night roll; and, as she remarked the hour, wondered also at the length of time her mistress prolonged the game; then giving the fire a stir, which made it throw out an enlivening radiance, reflected in the burnished fender and opposite mirrors, which testified her own diligence and economy, she composed herself again to her volume. Her thoughts were not this night on the proper tension for study; the characters were passed over by her spectacle aided optics leaving no impression or idea behind; and the worthy old gentlewoman perceiving her situation, wisely shut up the book, went over with it to her own private shelf, where she deposited it, and returned with a large bottle labelled poison, but which was varacious French Brandy, and what was better, smuggled. Wishing a relish for her cordial, she pulled a bell, which was answered by Mr. Mahony, himself, the tasseled and powdered guardian of her ladyship's cellar. By his agency a cold pie was procured, and the